

End of the Awakening

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Summary: The power to revive the world has been unleashed, watched over by two very different heroes. But will Alchemy be a curse or blessing? Only time will tell.

***Chapter 1*: End of the Awakening**

End of the Awakening

Spur of the moment, swift motivation kind of thing. I wrote this in probably a few hours and didn't stop for a breather until the end. One-shot unless I feel inspired to continue.

It shone in the endlessly blue sky like the searing light of a second sun and that brilliance threatened to claim the sight of any being foolish enough to stare into its embrace, competing even for light of the sun itself.

The golden sphere was the proof of a journey and the reasoning which they had long tried to forget; despite knowing that the presence of the orb of power was knowledge that the world had been saved. Eight there were, with the exception of one extra human scholar, who had finally driven the red tower from its deep slumber and lit the beacon that called the Golden Sun into existence. The yellow glow contained the conjoined abilities of all four emblems that the ancient lighthouses so clearly represented, yet puzzlingly enough, only lit the world with a single color.

Yet the reverberations of this grand awakening had echoed long and viciously across the earth, and even from the remote and admittedly scarred little village that had once been Vale, anyone could feel the world begin to stir to life once more. Long ago it seemed, a group of warriors had heard the world as compared to a hibernating bear, waiting for the rejuvenation yet slowly dying as it continued to slumber without needed nourishment. And now that nourishment had returned at last.

The enthralled consciousness of so many gifted individuals paused in shock and silence as the wave of intense energy swirled over their heads and departed into the world, including two battle-hardened Venus Adepts waiting for Weyard's revival. Neither was disappointed it seemed, as the darkening 'Void' clawing at the edges of the world stilled as the Golden Sun's light began to shine, and the destructive storms arching the air at the end of the world abated at last. But was there peace? It was a difficult question and all the more dangerous because of it. Alchemy was indeed a double-edged sword: with it you may save the world quite surely, but easily cut your hands and hurt others in the process.

And the two warriors' hearts were not settled, even as the chaos began to subside and the land started to return to its true form. Both of them had been utterly changed by the journey they had undertaken, though for better or worse was impossible to decide.

One was praised and beloved as a hero, having earned respect and awe in his travels sure as the glorious sun of Alchemy shining above his head, and the love and adoration of a city of gifted individuals. His name was spoke with an air of greatness from the lips of those that followed, calling that blond-haired swordsman a hero: "Isaac..." No ill will followed this young man and many cities and villages granted him their boon for the task he was set with, yet he was not at ease.

The journey he had undertaken was built upon a lie of almost untold proportions, harming his once great trust he'd once had for the respected guardian of his village. The young man hated how the whole of his task was to prevent the revival of the world, and even if that order had been an immense test to determine his abilities, Isaac found it to be

incredibly cruel. Who should be forced to overcome such hardship, pain and sacrifice merely to discover that your entire reason for fighting was wrong? The 'villians' he'd pursued, tragic sacrifices of the lie he blindly danced to, and for what? Chaos born of Vale's inability to listen to the 'villians' cries for help before they desperately struck back and threw devastation to the village for the sake of survival.

It left Isaac feeling bitter and regretful, hiding his pain with mask of happiness for the villagers, and tried to forget the crime of ignorance he had been subjected to.

On the other hand, the second swordsman was a shadow of a man, chased and hunted to the very ends of the earth until his self-sacrificing task was completed, ignoring the pain and harsh words of those believing him to be a traitor to his world. His name was spoken with an air of thinly-veiled suspicion and hesitation towards the dark one with a tainted past: "Felix..." Though they tried in their hearts to forgive the warrior who had meant no harm, humans were quick to place their blame and much slower to easily forgive, though the fighter suffered their unconcious hatred without complaint.

He had given up everything for the sake of a world left untouched by the furious claws of the ever-consuming 'Void,' and allowed himself to be branded a traitor and dirty scoundrel for the lighthouses' glow and the lives of his parents. The limitless fear and guilt of having betrayed that tightly-knit little community, the ages spent separated in the icy cold of a Proxian wasteland with no real companionship with exception to the harsh countenance of his firey captors... The strain was too much to bear for any ordinary person, and so Felix dealt with the torture the only way he knew how...by developing a cold, dark exterior that held no hesitation and detatching himself from the harsh

pain of regret. Even now he knew that there would be no peace for him, and the slow paranoia of Vale would never completely vanish.

It left Felix simmering with a restlessness and sorrow, averting his gaze from the innocent faces of the villagers, distancing himself from the necessary evil he'd willingly committed.

Though the world had been saved from almost certain destruction, it was slowly becoming clear that crisis and strife had not been averted, despite the hope the young warriors had placed into their venture. All across the world, the power of Alchemy was spreading, awakening the land and revitalizing age-old life hiding somewhere beneath the surface. Soldiers of great cities holding spears glinting with light, and fierce beasts thriving on the countryside, all passed over by the light of the golden sun, reviving the land resting beneath their feet.

"Do you think that the worst is over?" Isaac whispered atop the crest overlooking what was once Vale, his tone was intentionally low so that only one other soul could hear him.

Felix gazed sadly at the ruins of his childhood home and stared at the Golden Sun with an equally bleak expression, "There's only one way to find out." Though one adventure had just come to a close, he could feel that everything was only just beginning.